

DEMOCRACY:

5

AN

E P I C P O E M,

BY AQUILINE NIMBLE-CHOPS, DEMOCRAT.

CANTO FIRST.

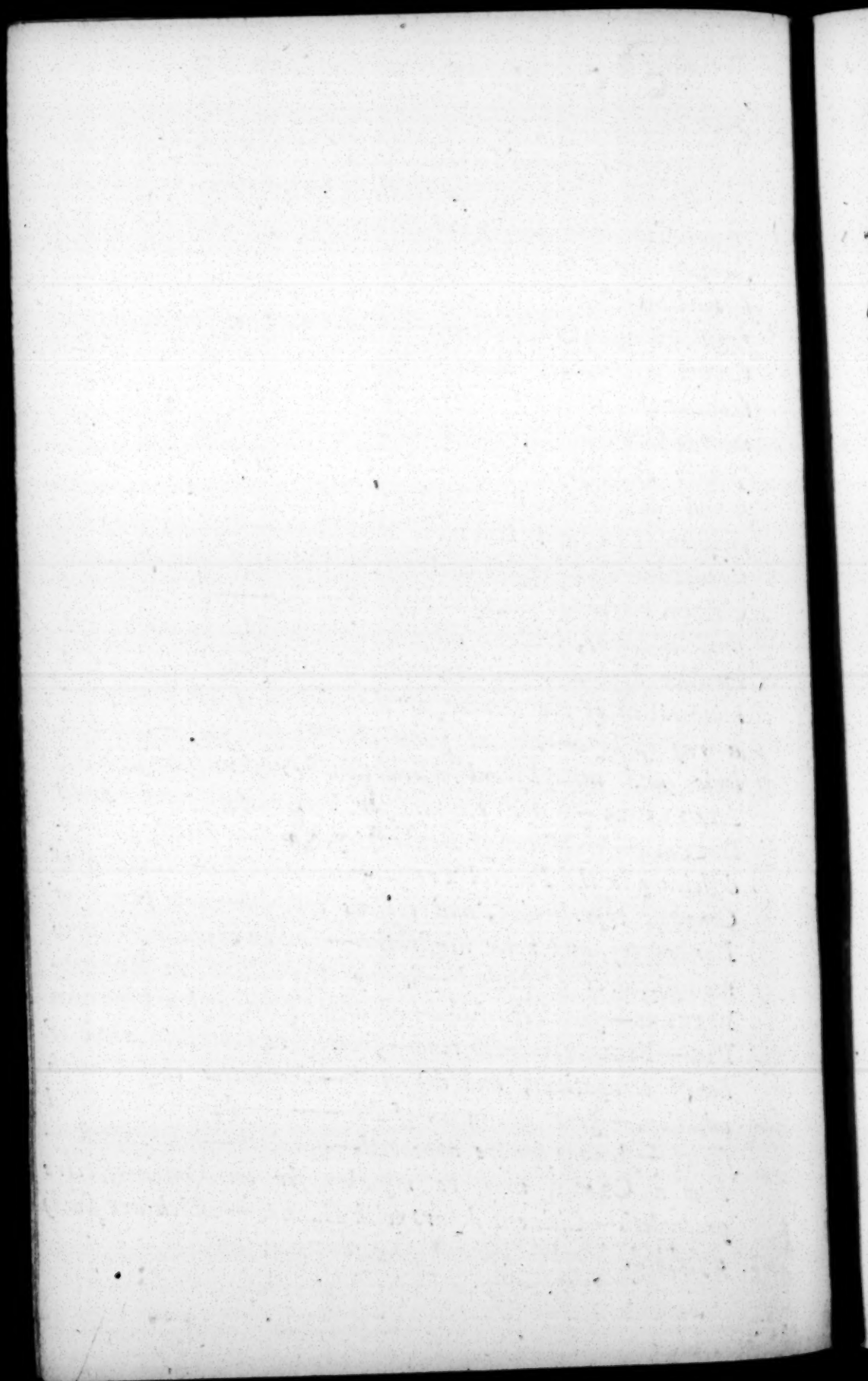
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C O N T E N T S.

SUBJECT proposed—Invocation—AQUILINE invokes the Genius of Confusion—telleth what she is not—commenceth with the grand Meeting at the TONTINE—counteth their numbers—enquireth the cause—maketh a sbrewd conjecture—fine simile of locusts and frogs, with a singular allusion to bread-trays—sage remarks on patriotism—Crowd becometh impatient—Mr. M——k harangueth—nominateth GRIPUS—GRIPUS chosen Chairman—adjournment to CITY-HALL—dextrous manner of opening a lock—'Squire Pomposo remonstrateth, and enquireth the cause—second adjournment—Chieftans described—violent contest between TAR and CITIZEN PIG-TAIL—Citizen presseth forward—TAR presseth backward—Crowd clamoureth, and Citizen retreateth—eloquent speech of M——k—beautiful simile of Frogs, with an allusion to Town-Meetings—a new speaker appeareth—Poet recounteth his pedigree—pathetic lamentation of the speaker for the absence of his brother—a ray of hope—elegant game at “Slap-Chops”—excellent logic and metaphysical observations—reasons for fighting ALGERINES—better reasons for continuing peace with BRITAIN—excellency of Bankruptcy, a fine family piece—deficiency in the Federal Treasury accounted for—timidity of Congress reprehended, and reasons assign'd—new praise of Bankruptcy, and noble illustration—Indian expedition—new manufactures establisbed—scurvy observations on BROOM-MAKERS—speech concluded—strange figure, and a GOLDEN PIG—FIGURE waxeth mad—severely reprehendeth abuse of honest occupations, and departeth—Committee chosen with additions—great exultation of M——k—M——k's third speech—strange spectre appeareth—speaketh—interrupted—how a CRANE may be mistaken for an OWL—spectre proceedeth—Citizens depart with Huzzas—which are finely described.



C A N T O I.

WHAT deeds of glory grace these latter days,
Of earth the wonder, and of men the praise;
How, while, around, all single despots die,
Tumultuous throngs the vacant thrones supply;
From democratic sway what blessings spring;
Say, heavenly *Muse*, and aid me while I sing.

Not *thee* I call, by whose diviner aid,
Mæonia's Bard the fate of Troy pourtray'd;
Nor *thee* upborne by whose adventurous flight,
Milton essay'd the empyrean light;
But *thee*, who springing from the central realm,
Where Chaos rules, rejoicest to o'erwhelm,
By force supported, and by fraud maintain'd,
Whate'er of good and fair mankind hath gain'd,
Thee I invoke, for unto thee belong
The factious bankrupt, and the noisy throng;
Thee I invoke, for unto thee pertains
The subject matter, and recording strains.

Now had the Sun, who, with peculiar grace,
This day had burnish'd up his aged face,
O'er half the welkin lash'd his courfers on,
And glow'd incumbent o'er the melting noon;
When, mid the dome where Mocha's berried pride
With vaporous fragrance every room supplied,
From every part conven'd, in trim array,
The *guardians of the land* their powers display.
Not less in number, o'er the Egyptian land,
Came flies and locusts, call'd by Moses' wand;
Nor with much milder notes, from every *tray*,*
The frogs hoarse-croaking, hymn'd their new-gain'd sway.

* Vide Exodus, chap. 8th, verse 3d.—“ And into thy bread-trays.”

But say, O muse! what powerful motive draws?
 For this event, unfold the mighty cause?
 What could induce four hundred men to come,
 Their shops forsaken, and forgot their home,
 Perhaps not e'en a marketing prepar'd,
 And doubtless some good time and money spared;
 What could impel the show-man to forego
 The certain profits springing from his show?
 What could engage the cobbler to permit
 'Prentice and journeyman the *last* to quit?
 While angry customers with half-drest pate,
 And beards impatient for the razor, wait,
 What madness urg'd the barber to dismiss,
 Puffer and shaver to a scene like this?
 How could the Printer, while news-mongers swear,
 With hands unfill'd direct his devil there?

While with sound hub, and with uninjur'd spoke,
 The ring unflaw'd nor yet the tiring broke,
 The Wheel of Government moves on, by day,
 No man should ever from his business stray:
 But private interest never should controul
 'The vast, and nobler interest of the whole.
 Hence, when disorder mars the wheel of state,
 Its course impedes, or turns, by force, or weight,
 If the ring burst, or if the tiring break,
 The spoke is shatter'd or the hub shall crack,
 Ballads and pictures, lasts and awls, should fly,
 Razors should fall, and puffs neglected lie,
 No news should spread, but every arm contend
 Who first, and best, the failing wheel should mend.
 'This was the cause, the wond'rous cause, which led
 Four hundred human creatures by the head;
 For mighty M——k had inform'd the town
 That some had sworn the wheel should be o'erthrown;
 'That Algerines had given it many a hack,
 And Briton's Sons had made the hub to crack;

Wherefore he begg'd them to convene with speed,
 (This day the unspotted patriot had decreed.)
 That its sad state might undergo inspection,
 And, after wise debate, and sage reflection,
 They should resolve what measures to pursue,
 To mend the old one up, or make a new.
 But lest the minds of people uninform'd
 By this fine figure should be too much warm'd,
 And such full well the honest chieftain knew
 Compos'd the ranks of his upholding crew—
 He plainly said by wheel he wish'd to paint
 That sorry thing the Federal Government.

Now, mid the room where Commerce' Sons appear'd,
 Disorder foul its brassy forehead rear'd ;
 Without, more loud, the noisy croud demand
 Why idly thus their comely leaders stand.
 Deep thoughts revolving in his anxious breast,
 Which groan'd beneath a nation's cares oppress'd,
 With fable front, the mighty M——k rose,
 Bawl'd "Order," and the tumult feebler grows.
 "Sure, at this time, the public good requires
 "Some Chairman fill'd with patriotic fires ;
 "One who, with tried *integrity*, unites
 "A *settled liking* to the people's rights.
 "And such an one, methinks hard by I see ;
 "And GRIPUS, once an Alderman, is he."

He said—around they swing their greasy caps,
 And cheer'd his soul with oft-repeated claps.
 "Order!" the new-appointed chairman cries—
 And every note of praise in silence dies.
 Again his form the mighty M——k rear'd—
 And as so many friends this day appear'd,
 And as the present place was found so small,
 Propos'd adjournment to the City Hall.
 "Proper!" a voice exclaim'd ; and all around—
 "Proper!" the echoing walls amazed resound.

Forth moved the cavalcade, and now repair
 Where the huge City Hall assails the air ;
 Nor of the adjoining court request the key,
 But *modest*, break the lock to gain them way :
 They enter in---and wond'rous to relate,
 Enclos'd within those walls the *worthies* fate,
 Those very walls, from whence, observ'd with awe,
 A frantic CONGRESS gave the country law.
 Ah! little did IT think how soon decrees
 Which *friends to liberty* could never please,
Such as now met their hated rule to bow,
 Must, where they rose, receive the fatal blow.
 Ah! little did IT think how high-soul'd men
 Would, in this place, their native rights regain ;
 And, warm'd with freedom's democratic fire,
 Make law and reason *equally* expire.

Now much debate, and various sounds, arise,
 Several sage speeches, and as sage replies,
 And nought was done---'till 'squire Pomposo rose,
 With mouth wide-open'd, eager to oppose.
 That 'Squire so fam'd for copper coinage erst,
 Of noble coiners sure the very first ;
 That worthy 'Squire for honesty so known,
 Flesh of their flesh, and of their bone a bone,
 That all suppos'd him :--"Who"---aloud he bawls---
 "Hath now conven'd the people in these walls ?
 The price of Western land is rising, sure---
 Who dares to think that we are growing poor ?
 I've lately speculated there myself,
 And hope to gain no little share of pelf ;
 If not, another bankruptcy will do---
 And if for me, why will it not for you ?
 This to a fortune is the readiest way---
 Who call'd this meeting here---again I say ?"

With rage inflam'd, and eager to reply,
 Full many a form now rear'd itself on high ;

When, once again, some unknown voice informs,
 That round the Hall the gather'd people swarms ;
 And hints, while hidden from the public sight
 The leaders fate, they marr'd the people's right.
 The rest applaud, they rush the house without,
 And with their fellows join the general shout.

Meantime the Chairman, with important airs,
 Leading his suite, ascends the lofty stairs ;
 Forth marching then, hat off, with solemn gait,
 Fix'd in the balcony invites debate.
 In order rang'd, and by his side, appear,
 Full many a youth, and veteran chief severe,
 Of various aspect, and of various fame,
 But few deserving of exalted name :
 These few the Muse, as suits her purpose best,
 Shall dignify, and raise above the rest.

Plac'd on the right, with ruddy face, and round,
 With portly belly, and with look profound,
 Of doubtful views, but much with learning blest,
 A son of Esculapuis stood confest.
 By him a being star'd, of monkey mien,
 A famous actor on the factious scene,
 And who, distinguish'd for his splendid share,
 The Muse shall to a future mention spare.
 Perch'd on the left, the mighty M——k shone,
 O'er all conspicuous for his visage known.
 Reader, hast ever seen, at show or fair,
 That comely, fable thing, yclept a *Bear* ?
 Doubtless thou hast—thy notion then is good—
 Such, and so looking, mighty M——k stood ;
 And now had spoken—but a sad affray
 O'er all the balcony spread wild dismay.
 A little onward stood the noted *TAR*,
 The dup'd ringleader of the wordy war ;
 He who, presiding o'er the men who swear,
 No private citizen should titles wear,

Himself an appellation proud retains,
 Nor titled salutation e'er restrains;
 Who, for equality a bawler loud
 Struggles for eminence amid the crowd.
 Puff'd with the importance of his present fate,
 The room of three he fill'd in haughty state;
 Behind, and straining for a forward place,
 And watchful of the too much wasted space,
 Citizen PIG-TAIL prest a spot to gain,
 But met the fury of the SAILOR's cane.
 Once more tenacious of his equal right,
 He labor'd forward, with redoubled might;
 Once more the democratic TAR, enraged,
 With his sharp stick the citizen engaged.
 Vociferous the crowd cry out below,
 "The rash intruder o'er the railing throw"—
 Aghast affrighted PIG-TAIL backward shrinks,
 Nor longer of his rights invaded thinks.
 The tumult hush'd, and "Order" cried once more,
 M——k essay'd his voice's utmost power.

"Friends! friends!" he cried—"for purposes most great,
 You've been call'd hither, freely to debate;
 About who call'd you hither make no clatter,
 You're here--who gave the notice--'tis no matter—
 Whether the *Card* TOM, DICK, or HARRY, wrote,
 Or he who now solicits you to vote:
 You need not plague yourselves about such stuff,
 You're here---as I have said---and that's enough.

"The Algerines take all our ships, I swear,
 And captive all your men to slavery bear;
 CONGRESS 'tis true, have talk'd about a fleet;
 But damn the English, they perform'd the feat;
 They turn'd the pirates on us, let's requite,
 And take good care that they get nothing by't.
 The English take your vessels, steal your goods,—
 Let's fight them; every man, curse take their bloods!

Wait not for negotiation---that won't do---
 But fight 'em, burn 'em---beat 'em, black and blue.
 I'll tell you what to do:---we owe them cash:
 We'll plague 'em---yes, we'll make a noble crash.
 They ca'n't recover debts 'mong us, they say---
 Why that's the very thing---let's never pay.
 Do as I've done; break, break's, the happiest plan,
 And keep your cash yourselves unto a man.
 They can't get money of us, now they groan---
 We'll have it always so---and give 'em none.

“ And now I beg to know, if any dare,
 Against the people's right to meet declare?
 Let's wait a bit, to see if one dare come,
 And say you all had better stay'd at home.”

Here clos'd the wond'rous speech, hoarse---braying, loud,
 In tones of thunder echoing from the croud,
 The murmurs of applause, resounding far,
 In one deep column rush'd upon the ear,
 While separate sounds, their light detachments spread,
 Lurk'd in the rear, or skirmish'd at the head:
 Thus when the vernal sun's prolific ray,
 Paints with rich flowers the Verdant robe of May,
 When the green citizens of ponds prepare
 To hold their first town-meeting of the year;
 Some leading frog, with croaking talents blest
 For strength of lungs, distinguish'd o'er the rest,
 Perch'd on his chair of log, in solemn state
 With notes sententious, opes the grave debate,
 'Tis silence round,---at length begins the strain,
 The notes applausive echo o'er the plain,
 Deed, deeper swells the undulating sound,
 And one vast croaking vibrates o'er the pond.
 ---Fir'd with the sounds, ambitious to obtain
 An equal share of honorary gain,
 Proud of descent from sires before the flood,
 Near, on the right, a younger leader stood,

O'er the drawn features, of whose solemn mien,
 A sort of stupid dignity was seen,
 While quite expressive of its owner's mind,
 Up from his mouth, his haughty nose inclin'd,
 Seem'd as if, mounting to the realms of air,
 It scorn'd the usual intercourse to share ;
 Transmitted pure his heritage by birth,
 Through a long line of sires of equal worth ;
 That firm integrity, that godlike pride,
 Inflexible in truth, in virtue tried,
 That candid spirit which, nor lust of power,
 Nor interest's potent sway could e'er allure,
 From honor's paths to steer a devious way,
 In him combin'd diffus'd a brighter ray.
 With much complacence, in himself he view'd,
 The mighty atlas of the haughty brood ;
 To wit, 'twas true, he made no great pretence,
 For want of wit, with him, was proof of sense ;
 And nature kindly had that want supplied,
 By no small portion of conceit and pride.
 —All ardent now he stood to view confest,
 Put forth his hand, and, thus, the crowd address'd,
 In solemn tones, which, many a day before,
 Were cut and dried, all ready for this hour.
 “ Hear what I speak, and list to what I say,
 Ye Cits, conven'd on this important day,
 This day, which Faction shall with pride behold,
 When future ages have their courses roll'd,
 And celebrate with glee the auspicious hour,
 Which gave new strength to her declining power ;
 This day to *Anarchy* forever dear
 By sorrowing Freedom, mark'd with many a tear,
 When wild misrule, with renovated fire,
 Shall bid all law and decency expire,
 And blest Confusion with her flag unfurl'd,
 Spread consternation o'er the trembling world.

" Much I lament that on this glorious day,
 My far fam'd brother BILLY is away,
 Ah hapless brother, what a lot is thine !
 Doom'd, at a distance from this place to pine.
 By fate's tyrannic laws forbade to share
 In Scenes like this, to thee for ever dear ;
 Yes, noblest brother ! in thy favor'd breast,
 The hawk, *Democracy*, had built her nest,
 Impregn'd by Faction there had hatched her brood,
 And train'd them up to rapine and to blood ;
 Each principle oppos'd to order, shone,
 And blest Confusion there had fix'd her throne.
 Full well you know, nor need I now repeat
 The vast sum total of his merits great ;
 Full oft his peerless deeds to you have shown,
 How dear he holds your interests, and *his own*.
 Had he been here at least one hundred men,
 To these four hundred would have added been,
 Then had the Press, which, with impatience, waits,
 To give our doings to our Sister States ;
 Whose types now fix'd for fifteen hundred stand,
 Been but deficient of two thirds the band.
 But since 'tis so, what boots it to regret ?
 Lo ! brighter pictures grace the page of fate.
 To my rapt view, prophetic visions rise,
 And Scenes of glory burst upon my eyes ;
 A younger brother, in some future day,
 Shall all our W——m's various worth display ;
 In the mean time, I'll do what'er I can,
 To fill the place of that exalted man :
 But now the business which us hither brought,
 Seems to demand some little share of thought.
 That, we've a right to meet's a thing most plain,
 'Tis one of the prerogatives of man ;
 Some Animals, of solitary kind,
 Are much, to keeping by themselves inclin'd ;

“ Others gregarious are, of these is man,
 The great *chef d'œuvre* of wise nature's plan ;
 And if gregarious, he, of course, must then,
 Be born to associate with his fellow-men ;
 And having thus by force of logic, quite,
 Prov'd that our meeting is a native right,
 I now proceed most ably to unfold,
 Those things of which you need not here be told.
 How the base Briton, with insulting pride,
 First “*flaps our chaps*” on this, then t'other side ;
 How Algiers' infidels intent on gain,
 Your goods have plunder'd and you ships have ta'en ;
 Forbear ye Infidels, ye little deem !
 Whom most you injure, by this plundering scheme ;
 Know, that long since, by right prescriptive held,
 Our race their coffers have by plunder swell'd.
 And shall these thieves thus boldly dare invade,
 Our sacred rights, and spoil the swindling trade ?
 Forbid it, Heaven ! for should they thus go on,
 We soon shall find our wonted harvest gone.
 For this good cause, with them I'd have you fight,
 Nor let the knaves deprive us of our right ;
 But let me, here, a caution interpose,
 For tho' 'gainst Britain fierce my anger glows,
 Yet not with mighty M——k would I join,
 At once, to crush a wonderful design.
 Not yet with Albion let us venture war,
 A future time will answer better far ;
 Now while with willing heart she credit grants,
 Still let her Sons supply our utmost wants.
 Deeply indebted, at the present hour,
 Increasing debt shall place her in our power.
 One confiscating act all dues shall pay,
 While by her loss, for many a glorious day,
 Th'mportant warfare shall we strong maintain,
 From breach of faith, deriving ample gain.

“ Nor let the fear of infamy affright.

Our race have tried, and know the thing is right,
Scarce of the name, one single soul survives,
But, by this conduct, now in splendor lives;
And tho' to all the world the truth's confest,
Is still of public confidence possess.

—The Sons of Britain and of Algiers join'd,
And with the Western Indians both combin'd,
By depredations, cause the doleful want
Which makes of cash our treasury so scant.
And does not Congress know these things are true,
Who dares to say they don't? they do, they do;
And what's the cause of all this timid care,
To keep the country from the glorious war?
The reason's this, a foolish one enough,
They dread a bankruptcy, and such like stuff.
Now, for my part a bankruptcy I deem,
A noble, kind of heaven-invented, scheme;
To make a fortune, 'tis the readiest way,
He is a fool who calculates to pay.

If precedents they want, I have them plenty,
Our name alone, affords not less than twenty
This is the mode by which a man can live,
Set up his *Coach*, and brilliant *concerts* give;
And this to CONGRESS, I should recommend,
As means best fitted to attain that end.

—Should we pretend much longer in this way,
And such poor councils all our measures sway;
'Ere long the Savage Tribes in hostile pride,
In light Canoes may down the Mohawk glide,
The *Caughnawaga*, *Onondagoe* band,
And *Powtawatimies*, shall rule our land;
Then will those dogs compel us to become
Artificers of basket and of broom,
And, death to honor! e'en our noble race,
A vile Broom-maker's calling, may disgrace.

" Then since the CONGRESS are so stupid grown,
 So lost to sense, 'tis time to claim your own ;
 And in this period of distress and pain,
 To take yourselves of government the rein."

—He ceas'd; the applausive tumult swell'd around,
 And neighbouring domes re-echoed back the sound.
 When fir'd to rage, a form most strange appear'd,
 And high in air, his angry visage rear'd ;
 In feudal pride, like some old baron big,
 He swell'd high mounted on his GOLDEN FIG.
 Firm in his right, for lance, a brush he held,
 A trunk's rough lid supplied the place of shield,
 On which, with brazen nails, inscrib'd was seen,
 " I'll brush them out, egad, I'll make them clean ;"
 And ever, and anon aloud he'd cry,

" I'll keep him straight, depend on't that will I,"*

" What's this I hear," the angry figure cried,

" Why these reflections base, thou son of pride !

And have I wish'd so long this day to see,

To hear Broom-makers, made a jest by thee ?

Dost thou pretend, with appellations vile,

The unspotted honour of our craft to foil ?

Broom-maker's, hear it. Sir, and shrink dismay'd,

Are own first cousins to the *Brusher* trade,

Broom-making, Sir's an occupation good ;

Nor could it much disgrace your noble blood :

Better from honest means, a living draw,

Than eastern affluence, from a bankrupt law.

But ne'er attempt to touch this string again,

I scarce can now my boiling wrath restrain,

For if thou dost, by this good shield I swear,

Whose skin it's owner's back no more shall wear,

My brood of pigs, your carcase shall assail,

Whet the sharp Tusk, and whisk the curly tail."

* * This redoubted personage is employed, by the D. S. to watch over the conduct of the President of the United States---(to whom this verse refers) and to keep him strictly within the line of his duty.

—He ended, threatening, and with anger fir'd,
Straight from the meeting with his pig retir'd.

Now different voices, from amidst the crowd,
For a Committee bellow'd out aloud.

"Fifteen!" cried some—some "ten"—and "twenty" some
And hideous tumult shook the frightened dome.

"Order!" cries Gripus—"friends! to try your mind—
Unto the highest number I'm inclin'd:

Shall your Committee be of twenty made?"

The union'd *ay* the people's mind displayed.

Such was the sound as, mid some spacious sty, e,

Where hogs are kept, some frightened hog should fly,

He first, with long-drawn squeal his gladness tells,

And one deep grunt their answering joy reveals.

Again the might, M——k ardent rose:

"My friends!" he cried—"I hasten to disclose,

What, for your sakes, to save you trouble here,

Those, who most love you, form'd with toil severe.

Last night, in sage convention, eighty men,

'We ne'er shall look upon their like again.'

Compos'd a *List* of sixteen, who would serve,

And never from your interest dare to swerve.

First, if you please, I'll read the *Roll* all o'er,

And then read one by one, 'till we've a score."

"Proper!" a voice exclaim'd—and all around—

"Proper!" the echoing walls amazed resound.

Read was the *Roll*—and one by one the *Sage*

Who fill'd the Chair, their fury to assuage,

Had now proceeded to re-name the men,

When tumult shook the astonish'd streets again.

Scarce had *himself* the people's plaudits known,

"P—— R. L——! let him be one!"

The crowd exclaim'd:—tho' not upon the *List*—

P—— was put—and call'd on to assist.

"C——e N——!" now some exclaim'd

And some the son of Esculapius nam'd.

The crowd persist, with energy of soul,
 And add these names to the illustrious *Roll*.
 " Let the remaining place be fill'd, 'tis meet,
 By *Colonel SCANTLING*, now of Water-street."
 Thus cried the throng—when mighty M——k rose—
 " My friends!" said he—" I speak not to oppose;
 To PENN's fair city SCANTLING stout is sent,
 To aid our views upon the Government.
 Our democratic bretheren, there, requir'd
 One of like soul, with like distraction fir'd;
 With us united, and in concert strong,
 They hope resistance to dismay ere long.
 SCANTLING is there, nor will he soon be back:
 So choose your humble servant—*White* ——"
 Loud rung the applauses—and full soon complete
 Their lov'd committee all the people greet.
 Of whom, for wise *Report of Office* known,
 The pious GOOD Os, early choose was one.
 Now mighty M——k, by success inspir'd
 With bold, resistless, elocution fir'd,
 Perch'd as he was, on balcony so high,
 The crowd who watch'd his most expressive eye.
 " With joy, O friends—with rapture vast I view,
 What union'd hearts this day's proceedings shew.
 Sure from this day democracy shall rise,
 Spread thro' the earth, and triumph o'er the skies;
 Before its power all Government shall fly,
 And at its presence each Republic die;
 An age of Gold once more delight the earth,
 With years not number'd from a saviour's birth;
Decades, not weeks, our days shall hence divide,
 And o'er the globe democracy preside.
 Such, such effects, from your *Resolves* shall flow,
 Which best, I think, some future day will show.
 • Not at this time can your committee frame,
 Such *Resolutions* as your zeal would claim;

Some day next meek we better can proceed."

"Thursday!" the crowd exclaim'd—and Thursday was decreed.

Again he speaks—"By that time we shall have,
The prudent doings of *Bostonians* brave;
Those men so fam'd for true, consistent merit,
And not behind us much in proper spirit.
Them will we join, with them go hand in hand,
Fall if they fall, and if they stand we'll stand.
No *act of milk and water* shall be ours—
Fragrant and strong as urinary showers,
To our foes fores no comfort shall *it* give,
But make them smart, while yet *it* lets them live."

As when vast billows break upon the shore,
Applause now burst, in one tremendous roar;
Hats, caps, and wigs, and leathern aprons, flew,
And puffs of wondrous size, and jerkins blue.

Not less the noise when, mid the watery way,
The wounded whales in anger lash the sea;
Not less the noise when, 'neath beleagur'd walls,
The deep mine bursts, the whelmed city falls;
Nor less the rout when, out of *Meeting* read,
The mighty M——k bent his sable head.

Soon was the tumult hush'd, and soon was heard
A voice, but neither face or form appear'd.
At length, beneath the Chairman's arm, was seen,
Of wondrous aspect, and of fearful mein,
A human head, if head it might be nam'd,
Which scarce to man the least resemblance claim'd.
Like the full moon, but of a darker dye,
The visage was; disastrous beam'd an eye
On either side of what was meant for nose,
Which from each cheek quadrangularly rose.
Below a chasm tremendous op'd to view,
Whence, with hoarse groans, these words the spectre drew:
"As yet of ships delay'd, and men misus'd,

Of vessels captur'd, and of wealth abus'd,
 Whether by Algerines the mischief came,
 Or yet by Britons of notorious shame—
 No proper list—no facts by them believ'd
 From any place, has CONGRESS yet receiv'd."
 "You lie!" the croud exclaim—"I have not ly'd!"
 Sternly the hedious mouth, direct, replied.
 Tumult and rout now drown'd the speaker's voice,
 His own all vanquish'd by the people's noise.
 "Order!" sage GRIPUS screams—and P—R.
 Begg that the throng the speaking *Crane* would hear.
 "He! he a *Crane*!" cried one, with horrid howl—
 "I swear, he's cousin-german to an OWL."
 "Hear him!" again the Chairman bellows loud;
 And hush'd in peace, attentive stood the crowd.
 "I hope that our Committee will take care
 A long account, for CONGRESS, to prepare,
 Of all the mischiefs by the British done,
 And brand the devil's every mother's son."
 "Huzza! huzza!" thro' all the streets resounds;
 "Huzza! huzza!" from every wall rebounds;
 The distant lanes reverberate the roar,
 And echoes break on either River's shore.



END OF CANTO FIRST.

